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CIVIL MAGISTRACY.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God,"—"For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power, Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same."—"For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

THE great object that we have in view, in the first place, is to describe the nature of the office of the civil magistrate; and, in the next place, we will mark out certain important duties which grow out of the nature of the office of civil magistracy. That we may have just and correct ideas of its nature, we must demonstrate that civil magistracy is an ordinance of the Supreme Being; and we think that this is capable of an easy demonstration. Now that it is a divine ordinance is most manifest from the revealed and inspired truths already quoted. The great Creator is the lord and king of the whole world; he is its moral ruler, and of course the supreme head of all rule and government. Hence it follows, with the utmost clearness, that civil government is originally and strictly an ordinance of his own appointment. And we denominate it civil government, from the very fact of its being a government of human beings, simply as such. But with respect to the origin of this great civil constitution, we maintain with earnestness, that it originated with the Supreme Moral Ru-

ler of the universe. "The powers that be are ordained of God." And it is most certain that it is the will of the Divine Governor that men should live in society. And it is also true, that the Supreme Ruler does govern his own world, besides his immediate agency, by certain appointed means. Now we contend that men, the creatures of his power, are by nature the subjects of law, and of course they are naturally bound to submit themselves to the constitutions of the infinitely wise God. Civil government is one of his constitutions. If then the great Creator be the author of civil government; if the magistrate rule under him, and by his divine authority; it is not by any means true in an unlimited sense, to assert that civil government has its origin from the people; that it really originates from them; and that their will constitutes the government. But it is of high importance to remark, that although civil government does not originate from the people, yet our Almighty Maker has left the modification of it to them. They may therefore construct what form of political government they please, provided it does answer the great ends which he intended. But they should not by any means act as if they were independent of their Supreme Ruler, and not under his infinite authority, when they are proceeding to throw the great principles of civil government into a certain form, which principles most certainly belong to the constitution of God. From these considerations, we may form some correct views of the nature of civil magistracy. But before we proceed to mark out some of the important duties growing out of the office of civil magistracy, we will, with marked brevity, mention some of the ends which the Deity had in view in the organization of civil government. In the first place, the great and primary end, was, without doubt, the promotion of his glory. The truth is, the Almighty God has never established any constitution whatever, which had not for its object the advancement of his declarative glory. To promote then his own glory, was the first and chief end which he had in view in the setting up of civil government. And in the second place, the subordinate end was the advancement of the public good. Now "the powers that are ordained of God," are the immediate agents, by which he carries his great civil constitution into effect.

"Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power?"—"For he is the minister of God to thee for good." The civil magistrate therefore is the minister of God, as he rules under him; and he is also the minister of the people, as he rules for them. In the next place, we shall proceed to mark out some of the important duties, which grow out of the office of civil magistracy. "But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid: for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." It is therefore clear from this language of the inspired volume, that the power which God our supreme judge, has seen fit to give the civil magistrate for the purpose of carrying into effect his civil constitution, is the power of the sword. This expression, without doubt is a figurative one; and implies that the power of the civil magistrate, does go to the whole extent, even of taking away life. This scriptural language, however, does not by any means imply that the sole or main business of the magistrate is to punish with death. No. For the extreme here, is certainly put, as comprehending all less punishments. But still we maintain, that this language does evidently imply that human life may be taken away by the civil magistrate in some cases. Or, in other words, it is a duty growing out of the office of a civil magistrate to inflict in some instances what are called capital punishments. But as there are persons, who deny that punishments by death are right in any case; it seems to be proper for us here to show that in some cases it may be the duty of the civil magistrate to inflict the penalty of death. "For he beareth not the sword in vain."

Now in relation to capital punishments, it is asserted by those persons who deny them to be right in any case, that they are contrary to the origin and constitution of civil government. For they contend that no human being has a right to take away his life, or the life of another person. This being the case, they assert that it is impossible for any individual to delegate a right which he has not himself. This is their argument; but this argument goes upon the assumption that civil government originates with the people, and that delegation constitutes the right, if there be any right, to inflict punishment. Now we maintain that both of these assumptions are incorrect. The incorrect-

ness of the first is most manifest from what has been already said in relation to the origin of civil government. For it was demonstrated that it had Jehovah for its origin. That their second one is also incorrect, we shall now prove from the following considerations: They who advocate the negative of this question, most readily grant that a man may take away the life of another man, when his own life is in danger by that other man. When therefore one human being strikes at the life of another, he does in very deed, virtually strike at the life of the whole community. This we maintain to be correct reasoning. The great truth is that when the civil community takes away the life of a murderer, she is acting upon the great principle of self defence. And this is precisely the same principle, which is acted upon in defensive war; therefore these persons upon their own principle, establish the side of the question, which we are advocating. Again; it is maintained by those who oppose capital punishments, that they do frustrate the principal ends of punishments, which they assert, are first intended to benefit individuals, and in the second place, to benefit the community. But we deny the first statement. For in order to make their statement correct, they must demonstrate that civil punishment of any kind is calculated in itself to reform persons, and does actually reform them. They must also demonstrate that the saving of one man's life, and the mere probability of reforming him, is of more importance than the safety and peace of the whole civil community. They must further prove that civil government has for its object, reformation, instead of salutary restraint. These points then, they must prove, before they can make good their statement. But we contend that their assertion does go directly to oppose a great fact, which appears in the government of the Most High God. The fact is simply this, that he frequently punishes without the design of reforming those who are punished. For we must remember that our almighty Judge, has other and sufficient ends for punishment besides reformation. He often designs by it, to vindicate the majesty of his eternal and inflexible justice; the honour of his holy law; and to show his infinite abhorrence of sin.

But again: these same persons argue that facts are against the propriety of capital punishments. They assert

that these punishments increase, rather than diminish, the evils intended to be remedied; and of course, a repetition of them will have that effect. But we reply, that this is contrary to the very nature of man. Can we suppose for a moment that the hanging of persons, can ever be a bribe to urge to the perpetration of crime? No. But we observe that the facts, when clearly examined, will not carry out the proof intended. Let us see. For instance, granting that laws are equitable, that is, that punishment be proportioned to crime. Now, if these laws be strictly executed and then do not accomplish the ends intended to be accomplished by them, the reasons why they do not, may be found to result from other causes. In the first place, then, we should inquire, if the means of subsistence where these laws are executed, be favourable. We should also inquire if the number of people be beyond the means; and moreover whether encouragement to industry be sufficient to excite to action. And, in the second place, we should inquire what has been the general education of the people; and what their moral and religious restraints. Finally, we should inquire, after all the rigidity of the law, what influence the hope of escape, or evasion, may have on the minds of persons. These things just mentioned, may therefore, be the causes why the execution of the law does not always have the desired effect. Lastly, on this point we remark, that if the gallows were the certain and sure reward of enormous and heinous crimes, we should more frequently see its effects, in salutary restraint upon human society. From these considerations we think that it has been made to appear, that it is sometimes the duty of the civil magistrate to inflict punishment by death.

Another very important duty growing out of the office of a civil magistrate is, that he should rule for the great purpose of promoting piety, justice, and peace. He should by example, by precept, and by all means in his power, so far as it belongs to his sphere of action, endeavour to preserve in the minds of the members of the civil community, a deep sense of the supreme magistracy and fear of that Almighty Being, whom he represents, and whose he is. We do not wish by any means, to intimate here that the magistrate is an officer of the Lord Jesus, as mediator. For if this were the case, his official authority would extend to his

mediatorial and spiritual kingdom. But God our maker, as the supreme Lord and King of the world, and not as God-man, is represented to be the head and origin of civil government. The civil magistrate, therefore, is his officer, viewed in that aspect. By this distinction you will readily perceive, that the magistrate is an officer civil, and not ecclesiastical. He then is not to interfere in the administration of the affairs of ecclesiastical courts. But still, we maintain, that it is his duty to "rule in the fear of God;" and exert his influence, as an instrument for the purpose of bringing those persons over whom he may rule, to a sense of this fear. The truth is, sound reason does teach us, that this is his high duty; and by attending to it, we may calculate that public justice and peace will be promoted. But on the other hand, it is certain that if a sense of moral obligation, and a sense of our accountability to God, our supreme judge, be kept out of the way, the civil community must bid adieu to public justice and peace. But it is highly proper for us to remark, that the civil magistrate must perform this great duty in conformity to the salutary laws of his country. But let us now enter into some detail, for the purpose of marking out certain high and important duties, of the civil magistrate. Now although the magistrate be a magistrate of God, the universal governor of the world, and for the general interests of society; and, although his commission does not extend to the secular interests of Christ's kingdom, yet it does not therefore, follow, that he has nothing to do with the church and Christianity, as a magistrate. Most undoubtedly, he has something to do. And why? Most obviously for this reason, because his official standing as a magistrate does not by any means, destroy him as a man. It does not by any means exempt him from Jehovah's law; and from those obligations he is under to advance Christ's kingdom. The fact of his taking upon him an office in the government of the Most High, does not deprive him of his personality or individuality of standing, and his moral relation to God. He is, therefore, bound as an officer of God, so far as his opportunities and influence may permit him, to act for the glory of his Maker, by advancing the cause of genuine Christianity. For he being the minister of God, and ruling under him, with a view to promote the general interests of

the community; and if Christianity has a powerful tendency to advance the great interests of civil society, of course his very office requires that he should promote this Christianity. Let it therefore be conceded, that pure Christianity is for the good and welfare of human society, (and what sober reflecting man will doubt it,) we say then, that if Christianity has a benign and salutary influence, upon the body politic, the magistrate does not rule for obtaining the end of his rule, if he neglects to promote the interests of Christianity.

But a question may be asked, how far the civil magistrate may proceed in order to advance the Christian cause. To promote this best of causes, we reply that he should not destroy the rights of the citizen, with a view to make or build up the Christian. He must not set the great constitutions of his Maker at variance. He must not therefore interfere with the government of the church; nor must he assume dominion over the human conscience. If then he may not do these things, just specified—what may he or should he do, in order to forward on the gracious designs of kind Heaven. In the first place, the civil magistrate should feel it to be his high and important duty, to support by his example and precept, the great principles of religion, which affect the interests of society. He may as the magistrate, or minister of God, lawfully hold and punish the most daring atheists. And why? Because they at once overturn or at least strike at the great origin and foundation of all government, and good order in society. They are in very deed guilty of what may be justly called, high moral treason against the God of heaven. The fact is they do most openly declare against him, in whose name, the magistrate rules, and whose vicegerent he is; therefore it is the duty of the magistrate to suppress such persons, as openly and daringly profess and propagate atheism. But further: we observe that it is the duty of the civil magistrate to promote the interests of Christianity by his example. He should regularly, and with reverence attend to the ordinances of God's house. He should strongly disapprove of all profanity of the divine name; and he should carefully see that Christians be not insulted: and also that Christianity be not reviled, and the most high God blasphemed. These things, he should conscientiously attend to.

Lastly, it appears to us, that a civil magistrate might be an advocate of Christianity, by making appropriations for the support of religious institutions. But in doing this, we should most distinctly bear in mind, that it should be left to every individual to contribute to what sect he should please. We do not mean, that there should be any compulsion by law to make persons contribute at all. But we think that civil rulers would not be out of the way of their duty, to countenance and encourage appropriations, with a view to promote the great benevolent institutions of the day.

CHILDE BERTRAND.

A BALLAD.

[In imitation of the Ballad of the 15th century.]

FIFT FIRST.

With trembling flanks, and att fearfule speede,
Childe Bertrand's steede returned;
As gif hee had seene a hellish dede,
And to scape fro itt hee burned.

The cruell Childe gained his towre hye;—
Flung the rein to a yeman bolde;
Uppe reared the steede with a fearsome crye,
And then fell starke and colde.

Then up spake a voyce fro the gathering throng,
Sternelye itt spake and cleare:
O! Childe thou hast done a fearfule wrong,
Where is thy nephew deare?

Whos bloude is that on thy redde right arme?
Whos is itt on thy crest?
O! Childe thou hast done thy kinsman harme;
Ner more shalt thou know rest.

Then grimmelye smiled Childe Bertrand bolde,
Aye! scornfullye smiled hee,
Younge Arthur rydes on the farr, farr wolde,
Seckeing his fayre ladye.

As the Childe passed through his portall broad,
Hee muttered whisperinglye.
Of these fayre handes, I am nowe the bride;
Mary my feere shall bee.

Noe more unless the colde grave can speake,
Will Arthur barr my waye ;
In vaine, in vaine his bodye they seeke ;—
Twill but wake att judgement daye.

ITT SECOND.

Childe Bertrand has gone to his casement hye,
To looke on the skyes black face ;—
For hee deemed the storm god was passing bye,
On his wild and terrible race.

And when hee stretched forth his bloude redde hande,
Noe pattering rain felt hee ;
A loude voyce shouted thou art for my lande,
And a hande grasped him tightlye.

Through the fayre casement itt dragged him out ;
While fiendes laughed hellislye,—
Theyr beades tolde freeres as they hearde the shout ;
With pale lipps tremblinglye.

A yemen rode forth on that dismall night,
A babbling fool returned ;
A mayd gan mad att the fearfulle sighte ;—
Bluelye the cross-lightes burned.

Att morn Childe Bertrand's bodye was founde,
Beneath that casement felle,
His bodye lies not in holye grounde ;—
His soull hath gone to helle.

NOVALIS.

Boken

MATHEMATICS.

Every branch of literature and science has its peculiar favorites. The wants of every human mind seem to have been anticipated and varied, as are the mental tastes and dispositions of men ; the most austere and difficult, may find in nature some pursuit to attract and please. Hence to the natural instincts, and to the diversified inclinations of different minds are the various branches of literature and science, indebted for their original conception, and their advancement to maturity.

Our object in the present essay will be, to point out as well as young experience and observation will permit, the true dignity and worth of what we conceive to be the noblest conception of the human mind—"the science of Mathematics." Although abstractly considered as a science,

it is unpopular amongst young students, yet few enlightened men of the present day are content to be totally ignorant of its first principles. The argument in favour of its study, drawn from its acknowledged utility, is truly a cumulative one. And first as to its utility in disciplining the mind. For this purpose we think it superior to any other known department of study. Its reasoning appears to be precisely accommodated to the necessities of the young learner. Depending on a very few self-evident propositions, which the mind readily comprehends as soon as it begins to reason; clear, connected, and exact, its conclusions seem as naturally to flow, as any effect from the operation of its cause, being truth itself, unvitiated by uncertainty, and independent of every thing like chance. In pursuing its investigations the mind gathers confidence from the certainty of the result which yet, at the commencement of its reasoning, may be far beyond its powers of foresight and penetration. And further, the mind has constantly before it an index which marks the true path in the discussion of any problem, a false step leading always to an absurdity, and thus indicating an error, ignorance or perversion in the use of its peculiar symbolical language. From these considerations many would suppose that no discipline could be derived from such a study, nothing being necessary but to follow certain fixed laws of reasoning which lead immediately to true conclusions. But these objectors should remember that while the path of truth is thus straight and narrow, and attended only with its peculiar difficulties, ignorance, the natural offspring of the principle (so ably established by an eminent metaphysician,) "that every man is just as lazy as he can or dare be," points to many a delusive path in which nought is found, but bewilderment and skepticism. Again, there is room in advancing this science to display all the nobler faculties of the mind. Most if not all of its propositions, are susceptible of many demonstrations, all however depending upon the same fundamental principles, but constituted from different combinations of them, or employing some which were before unnoticed. Here then is room for thought, here is the measure of a man's capacity; here is an opportunity to exhibit that mental superiority and independence which disdains the servile idea of "following in the footsteps" of even an "illustrious predecessor."

Hence many demonstrations have arisen, differing from each other in beauty and excellence, "as one star differeth from another in glory."

Further, the utility of mathematics is seen in the formation of correct habits of study, which nerve the mind for rapid progress in any department of professional knowledge. From it the student learns the necessity of having well established fundamental principles, upon which to base his thoughts. He acquires a habit of close reasoning, and of linking together his arguments in a neat and well connected arrangement. But objectors say, may not the same *habits* be acquired from the study of metaphysics? We answer no. The tendency of such a study is only to bewilder not to strengthen a *young* mind. The diversity of opinion even upon what would seem to the unsophisticated, the most simple subjects, tends to destroy the confidence of a young investigator, not to inspire with boldness, and as the whole is based upon questionable principles, its *probabilities* and *possibilities*, breed either skepticism or obstinacy, according to the natural disposition of the youthful examiner. The "calculation of chances" or of the "uncertainties of the white man," belong to those who have minds old in experience, and well drilled by a previous training. But some affirm that these *habits* lead the mathematician to expect lucid demonstrations of all propositions, even when probabilities only can enter to influence his opinion, and that he is skeptical upon all subjects where mathematical proof is not attainable. To this we answer that the true mathematician parts indeed with the credulity which characterizes the ignorant and the vulgar, but he would as soon apply a demonstration of Euclid to the solution of a problem in the calculus, as to use a mathematical rule for the investigation of the principles of equity or jurisprudence. Mathematicians have too much sense to measure virtue by the square yard. It is the peculiar habit of examination and the peculiar character of reasoning, which the study of this science begets, that enhances its value. So much for "mathematics," as a study to discipline the mind and form correct habits. We come now to consider the value of it, as a branch of a liberal education. We cannot believe that any are disposed to question the utility of its primary and elementary branches, for that col-

legian is truly in a pitiable condition who cannot settle his "cigar bills to a fraction," or tell how many yards of carpeting of a given width will be sufficient to cover the floor of his room. It is only the more advanced and difficult branches of the science that they wish to avoid, contending that their station in life will never demand the use of the higher branches of algebra, geometry, and the calculi. Now it is true that if these objectors hold their destinies in their own hands, and they are determined to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," either in private, public, or professional life, then indeed too much knowledge would be not only superfluous, but absolutely injurious. But let them reflect, that when well skilled in the calculi, they are in possession of certain instruments of analysis which enable them to solve an innumerable herd of problems, of incidental occurrence in all the professions, that were before utterly beyond their grasp. The formulas there given for the complete discussion of all solids, curves and curved surfaces, which indeed require some study to investigate, are susceptible of ready and easy application to effect their purpose, and very few are the problems beyond their power. When therefore we see persons violently condemning these sublimest parts of the science, as superfluous and unnecessary, we are reminded of those nations who strenuously adhere to the costume and simple mechanical implements of their long forgotten ancestors, and declare that they never will understand the principles of modern inventions and improvements. And further, they seem to be wedded to that narrow utilitarian system which regards nothing as valuable, except what is readily "convertible into specie," and are most especially associated for the economy of mental effort. But the utility of mathematics is further seen in its relation to other sciences. It is the pioneer that cuts through the veil which separates the known from the unknown, and leads the way to new discovery. It appears to be the soul of them all. By its aid they live and advance; had it never existed, these as systematic and perfect sciences would have been unknown. Look at the sciences of physics and astronomy, which are its twin sisters in importance,—before the science of mathematics originated, and the art of making instruments for experimenting on mathematical principles was known. What were

they? The "ipse dixit" of some heathenish divinity, which controlled every phenomenon in nature. But the limits of this short essay preclude us from entering farther upon the discussion of its utility.

The beauties of the science are manifest to every man of taste. We look upon a splendid temple, symmetrically formed, and mathematically proportioned, with a feeling of delight. Why not when its walls begin to lean and waver, as if erected by the genius of anti-mathematics? Compare the architecture of the Greeks with that of the Romans, and before whose temples do we instinctively utter emotions of lofty admiration of the refined mental taste displayed, and whose temples exhibit an almost Thersitical deformity? Greece with her unrivalled architecture, acknowledged and honored mathematics as a science; at Rome "*mathematica ars damnabilis est.*"

In short, whatever contributes to the healthful gratification of the refined feelings of our nature, bears some relation to mathematics. Even music, with its "fairy charms," is dependant for that delicate accuracy which "lends enchantment to the strain," upon strictly mathematical principles. True, "novels and romances," the artificial stimulants which for a moment tickle the imagination, but raise in it a morbid excitement, which soon becomes surfeited with the food it best loves, do not claim any affinity to our science.

But the objections to the study of mathematics are, first, its difficulties, and secondly, its inutility. The absurdity of the second argument has, we think, been abundantly shown. As to the first, we beg leave to remark, that it is just as easily acquired as the knowledge of any other art or science worthy the name. The grand secret of its acquisition is embraced in two words, *begin right*. We are not so much disposed to censure collegians, who think mathematics difficult, because they cannot understand Analytical Geometry—the starting point of their course; but we would fain send our voice into all the elementary and preparatory schools throughout our land, and reprove the ignorance or negligence of teachers, who so illy prepare students for college. We firmly believe that any man of ordinary talents, who commences the common arithmetic under a proper course of instruction, may, in much less

than the time requisite to acquire a knowledge of the Greek or Latin, make himself master of all the mathematics taught in our collegiate institutions. Another singular objection is drawn from the imagined illiberality of eminent mathematicians. We are told that they are haughty, supercilious, overbearing and aristocratic. These charges we think are unfounded, and seem to be the offspring of *green-eyed envy*. True, the mathematician whose mind is imbued with the native dignity and intrinsic worth of his science, feels a loftiness of soul and a generous enthusiasm which will manifest itself. The natural tendency of the science is to despise the sickening effeminacy of the fop, and exalt man to his true dignity. It is when sitting in his arm-chair, deliberately weighing the earth and the other planets in their "eternal rounds," as truly as if placed in a balance before him, that he proudly, and justly too, exults in the triumphs of the human intellect. It is when measuring as with a line the length and breadth, the height and depth of creation itself, that he rises to some approximate conception of the omnipotence of Him who spake and nature lived. To him an "infidel astronomer" is *truly* mad. As he contemplates the beauty, harmony, and mathematical order every where prevalent about him, his imagination grows warm as it expands to receive their full impression, and he forms the highest human conception of a God. A conception with which the effeminate notions, derived from the most refined heathen mythology ought not once to be named, much less compared. Can it be surprising then, that when he sees the poor estimate the untutored are disposed to make of the science, and of the mathematician's comprehension, he feels a sort of pity for the unfortunate ignoramus who cannot sympathize with him in his lofty pursuits. The mathematician is esteemed by some, too, a victim to his science, and unskilled in any other department of knowledge whatever. This shows such intolerable ignorance of the names and works of some of the greatest men who have ever lived, that we cannot deign to notice it.

We have thus briefly presented a faint picture of the true worth of mathematics, which we hope will attract the attention and excite the sober reflection of every candid reader. We do not indeed think it necessary that every

individual in creation should be thoroughly versed in this science, but in the present age, when nearly the whole attention of literary men appears devoted to *natural science*, we do think it unpardonable in any Collegian, not to "know the difference between an 'exponential,' and a 'differential coefficient;'" or between "five miles square, and five square miles." *All* who make any pretensions to a liberal education, should, we contend, have a knowledge of its fundamental principles to enable them to answer the demands of life, which they cannot now anticipate. But if there are any who will still persist in running over this brightest field of science "like a cart wheel newly greased," we leave them to pursue the humble tenor of their way, over the sandy arena of life unmolested, rejoiced that they are even so well prepared to sustain without squeaking the burden of metaphysical lore with which they may be encumbered. To such, however, we would recommend the more befitting amusement of drawing charcoal sketches upon a barn-yard fence, than passing criticisms upon the productions of scientific genius.

AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

COLLEGE PORTRAITS. NO. III.

THE CLEVER FELLOW.

It was said of Charles II., king of England, that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one. A character which might be supposed rather difficult of realization, or an exaggerated account of an imaginary being, were it not that we have too many who answer this pithy and sententious description. We are further told of the monarch in question, that he had an easy and pliable disposition, that in his private life he was of such fascinating deportment, and urbane manners, that in spite of his tyrannical conduct as a king, and his unbridled licentiousness, he was a great favorite with the same populace, that had but a short time before, saluted the puritanical Cromwell, and the bigoted Round Heads with the cry of "live for ever."

Now if we could take the opinion of men concerning our subject, and his own actions separately, we should say of him that he "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," and should be disposed to consider this an accurate definition of a *Clever Fellow*. When we apply the term 'clever' to him, we do not employ it in the sense, in which correct writers do, to designate one that is skilful in any calling, or successful in any pursuit in which difficulties are to be overcome, but rather, in the vulgar, American or New England acceptation, of one who is an agreeable, pleasant companion, and a jovial fellow. One who is "hail fellow well met," with any and every one, always smiling as a summer's morning, knowing no care, and feeling no sorrow, sporting like the ephemeral butterfly, in a sunny existence, regardless of the morrow, in short, the man of pleasure, whose only anxiety is what he shall eat, and drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed, and to whose mind, when any thought of the future presents itself, it is that "it shall be as this day, and much more abundant." Using the word in this sense, we shall find that the number of these worthies is by no means as scanty as their brains, for we meet them in every society of men, teeming in every community, in nearly as great numbers, and about as beneficial in their influence (if they have any,) as the frogs, that, in days of yore, came up over the land of Egypt. Our readers may, however, on this very account, object to their having a place in our picture gallery, as it is professedly designed for portraits of college characters, and not etchings of the vulgar herd. We might answer this objection by saying, that, as our pages are designed for the benefit, as well as the amusement of the public, we should be wanting in fidelity to them, if we did not expose to the public view any character in our little commonwealth, that is as great a nuisance, as the one now upon our easel; but we waive this right for the present, as we hope to show them, that in college, he has some characteristics that are nowhere else to be met with, and that in some prominent features he is decidedly *sui generis*.

It is a common saying, that, "every man has an ambition of a certain kind," and as much of the wisdom of a nation is to be found in its proverbs, we may take it for granted, that it is so in the present case, for this principle

of the mind, this desire of distinction. seems to be as universal and instinctive as self love, than which there is no stronger passion in the human breast. And whether man "seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," in the flowery paths of science and literature, or in the humble, yet more peaceful pursuits of benevolence and philanthropy, he is as obedient to this principle, this love of excellence, as the needle is to its polarity. If it were not that clever fellows are so plenty, we should be disposed to regard them as monsters of loveliness, and therefore exceptions to the general rule. But as the exceptions are almost as numerous as the cases, which determine the law, we shall still hold to the rule, and try to bring them under its ample covering. Science in its onward progress, has this tendency, to embrace the greatest number of phenomena, to explain, and account for them by the fewest laws, thus making the agency of all the operations of nature, approximate as near as possible to unity. And as we would contribute our humble offering, though it be but as the widow's mite, to help on the labours of a Descartes or a Bernouilli, we shall follow the same plan as those great philosophers, which we believe Bacon calls the *inductive* process. If then the clever fellow has any ambition, we should say that it was to have a character that is characterless, and to be distinguished by his want of distinction. His "longings after immortality" consist in a desire to be admired by all, esteemed by none, to be flattered and despised, courted in his hour of prosperity, contemned in the day of adversity. A pleasant companion for an idle hour, to while away the tedium of ennui, or the listlessness of an examination week, when you would have one, that may be used as the Philistines did Samson, "to make sport," which can be done with the greatest ease, as like the Danite, he is blind, unlike him, he has no strength, and is therefore a harmless inoffensive creature. When we say this we are not aware of doing him any injustice, because, when we hear of a man that every one calls a 'clever fellow,' and concerning whom they can say nothing else, we always associate with the *soubriquet* the idea of one, who is of the same opinion as the last person he has been in company with; whatever sentiment has been broached, meets *his* entire approbation, however herterodox it may have been, for the simple rea-

son, that he never thinks for himself, nor troubles his brain with any settled belief in any thing, and like all other empty vessels, is a passive instrument in the hands of others, vibrating from every foreign impulse, and giving forth the notes of the operator. Now we hold it to be axiomatic, or, at least capable of demonstration, that no man, who has any talent, or the elements of distinction, within him, can be a clever fellow. If he has a vigorous intellect and a judgment at all exercised, he will employ them upon the subjects that are or have agitated the public mind, and arrive at some definite conclusion upon them, as far as possible, and will have a reason for his belief, a why and a wherefore, as to the truth of his opinions. If he thinks for himself, he will be independent enough to speak for himself, and will employ the arguments that convinced his own mind in convincing that of others. In doing this he will meet with opposition, as others have their judgment to guide them, and it leads them to an entirely different conclusion. Thus men differ, and if a person will not give up his opinion to ours, whatever we may think or say of his talents, his intelligence, or his manly independence, we shall not certainly call him a clever fellow, because he has wounded our self esteem, which is a very tender spot in most men.

College students as a body, are exceedingly disputatious, and their habits seem to be peculiarly favorable for the exercise and development of this spirit. The mind is then in active exercise, fed continually with the aliment of thought, and is daily called upon to decide upon the truth or falsity of this or that doctrine, in ethics, science, literature, and the various subjects that are comprised in a course of liberal instruction. The business of education should be to make men think, and where numbers are collected for this purpose, it would be astonishing to find those that do not exercise their reason and their judgment, and whatever sins may be laid at the doors of students, the majority are certainly free from this, for however correctly they come by their opinions, they mostly have some, and however extravagant they may be, they are by no means backwards in defending them. Yet, strange to tell, not a few go through our literary institutions, stand well in scholarship, and carry off the honours of college, hardly knowing whether

they have a mind or not, and concerning whom it is no slander to say, that if an idea should enter their heads, they would be puzzled to know what to do with it. These are *clever fellows*! They answer to their names in the recitation and lecture rooms, appear twice a day in the chapel, have a place in the catalogue, and you meet with them in your daily intercourse with your class-mates and companions, and when you say that of them, you have said all. These are the blanks in the lottery of life, counting numerically, but in no other way, in after life, they make the peaceful citizen and the good neighbour,

———"—who never have a dozen thoughts
In all their lives, and never change their course;
But tell them o'er, each in its 'customed place,
From morn till night, from youth to hoary age."

APELLES.

SONNET.

Through leafy boughs of oaks, which bending threw
From their wide skirts into a narrow dell,
Dim shades, the keenest sunlight slid, and fell
On a young flower—a lovelier never grew—
In rocky niche, like modest virgin, seen,
Or like the Naiad of the silver brook
Making sweet music in that hidden nook,
Or like a statue of the Fairy-queen.
Nor like a statue either, for a breeze
Lifts gently its fair head, and see below
The mirrored form; so calm the waters flow.
Many there are unknown, who live to please,
As me that rarest flower, but only one;
Pity it were that flower should be a nun.

C.

THE BACHELOR.

While some in lively strains relate,
 The pleasures of the married state ;
 Shall bachelors unsung remain,
 A ridiculed though harmless train ?
 A scribbler's name I covet not
 This hour admired, the next forgot ;
 And useless, thrown neglected by,
 In dusty heaps his labours lie ;
 I only wish, devoid of pride,
 Whatever fate,
 My song await,
 To sing my happy fireside.

No helpless infant's hated squalls,
 Are ever heard within my walls ;
 Nor does a scolding headstrong wife,
 Disturb the quiet of my life.
 Lord of my house, I sit at ease,
 And smoke my pipe whene'er I please ;
 Whilst thou, poor man, to woman tied,
 By cradle's toys
 And restless boys,
 Seest occupied thy fireside.

There are, who obstinate and vain,
 Exult in bonds, and hug the chain ;
 Let these the sweets of wedlock boast,
 And toil to " gild a rotten post."
 See—Crito, needy and forlorn,
 In sackcloth curse his bridal morn ;
Blest with a fashionable bride,
 He's forced to roam,
 Or teased at home ;
 And ne'er enjoys his fireside.

Let others tell the joys of love,
 But keep me from them, powers above !
 Preserve me from that plague of life,
 A forward and expensive wife.
 But lest my choice should wrongly fall
 E'en let me have no wife at all ;
 But still to gentle peace allied,
 With smiles survey
 Each new born day,
 And still enjoy my fireside.

K.

THE STUDY OF THE FINE ARTS.

There is an enjoyment of which too many in the world are ignorant. Human nature is so constituted, that it is difficult to find where matter ceases, and mind begins; they softly melt into each other, like the Italian sunset into evening: yet the extremes are too strongly marked, to escape observation. The former seems dark and lowering, now brightened by a fitful gleam of hope, then smothered in the gloom that encircles its destiny. Its pleasures are merely local, formed by a breath, and like the fabled insect breathe out their existence upon the twilight zephyr. The other is but a branch of that stream, which flows "fast by the throne of God;" the eternal mind with all its splendours, the whole tissue of the feelings, whose music, like the full strains of the Æolian harp, is calm and gentle, yet lofty and enchanting. As far as the eye can reach, it is enveloped in a beaming lustre. Its delights are endless, and perennial; like the blooming groves of the Indies, where we look in vain for the simple verdure of the field, to relieve the surrounding exuberance. But the goading spirit of utility, poisons the very springs of human enjoyment, and points man to the solemn silence of the grave, as the last abode of that "peace," which he might have found in the perfections of his nature. Thus it is, that man lives out but half his life! The heart that was born to mingle its sympathies with a congenial spirit, swelling with the contemplation of what is pure and lovely in existence, expanding those gentle virtues which so nearly ally it to an angel, and separating "the soft and silvery thread" of life, wrapt in the full ardour of that intellectual devotion which refines the soul of its earthy dross, is a state to which human nature has, and may again aspire. *There*, no stoical philosophy is necessary to baffle the demons of our own creation: no pale melancholy chills the blush of youth: no haggard care erects her throne on the brow of advancing years: no horrid loathing of life grasps the vitals of old age. All is a calm sunshine, where the soul, sickening at the monotony of mere animal pleasure, may find a field boundless as eternity itself,—gushing with springs that never satiate, and growing more refined and

serene, as it approaches the source of its existence. Nor is this confined exclusively to a high order of intellect: there is no rational being, whose emotions have not at some time, burst their clayey bonds, and reveled in this earthy paradise. A mere glimpse of the starry firmament stretching far in space, or the wild attributes of nature, when her ministers are abroad in all their terror, have unlocked to many the dormant energies of the mind, and revealed a faint outline of that enjoyment which attends the conception of loftier, and nobler objects. The same germ, which beams so faintly in the soul of the savage, or glimmers in the rustic mind, is that which sparkles so brilliantly in the poet's crown, and wreaths his brow with the renown of ages. The difference between the characters is not so great as prejudice would teach us to believe. The one is satisfied with the faint visions which chance may cause to flit before his mind, without lingering upon their beauties, nor cherishing those veins of thought which secure their reappearance. Or perhaps he tramples them down in the vain chase after that happiness which is ephemeral, and dies in satiety. The other takes fire with the first ray that beams upon his soul, courts what is lofty and sublime in external objects, then gropes amid the windings of human action for what is lovely and noble, and finally, submits the mighty mass of his feelings to the fires of deep thought. It is the powerful chain which the man of song throws around all our sensibilities, the irresistible power with which every thought is barbed, which causes us to dwell upon his words as oracular, and rank his intellect far above what is mortal: but it is his deep acquaintance with human nature that gives him this power over its magic springs! the ceaseless study of that which moves the gentler feelings—captivates the heart—unwinds the stern dictates of the will—and finally triumphs over the whole man! Blinded by false views, too many long for this distant land, without the thought that they too may approach and perhaps tread its happy walks! All may approximate towards it, though he to whom nature has given the retentive memory and finer feelings, may arrive there first. It is surprising to what an extent, not only the mind, but also the imagination, and all the powers of the soul may be improved by continual practice, showing clearly that

"Man's but a link of that eternal chain,
Which binds the Almighty to the lowest brute."

But to attain this perfection, man must contemplate that which is *really noble*, both in himself and in external objects. He must pay his devotion at the shrine of those loftier attributes which draw the soul up to themselves, and breathe into it their own spirit. And where is there a broader field for this, than the study of the fine arts? Here is concentrated all that is thought, and all that is done in human history. The imagination, with all its joyous conceptions—the human heart, with all its virtues refined to the excellence of angelic purity, and its vices lost in fiendish darkness. All that can delight and charm the soul, the deep pathos of song, the discordant notes of passion, and the still whispers of love, are all portrayed in this miniature world. Poetry, painting, music and sculpture, (which also comprehends architecture,) constitute what are termed the fine arts. These, although they collectively tend to the same object, to wit, the refinement of the intellect, have their individual characteristics, which we shall briefly notice.

True poetry is the most comprehensive of all writing. Many suppose that to be interesting, it must be fictitious—to be lofty, it must be bombastic. Such critics might also mistake the rant of Shakspeare's love-sick youths, "writing sonnets to their mistress' eyebrows," for the spirit of true inspiration. It is the prejudice of ignorance. Our noblest effusions combine all the veracity of history, the glowing pictures of narration, the arduous enthusiasm of oratory, the deep devotion of religion, and the subtleties of metaphysics. Besides this, they are clothed in the pure garb of simplicity, or dazzle in the garments of highly wrought diction. And here we have a splendid instance in "*the Scriptures*." The celebrated Sir William Jones remarks, that, aside from its divine origin, the "Bible" contains more brilliant conceptions, more glowing imagery, and more real poetry, than any other work that ever was written. This is the true standard of the poetic art: every line laden with truth, that bears conviction to the heart; every expression pregnant with deep thought, that fastens itself upon the hours of contemplation, and the whole beaming in that loveliness which first captivates, and then

charms! The influence of such productions over the votary thirsting for knowledge, is truly wonderful. Poesy, with a gentle hand first raises the veil which fallen nature has drawn over his perceptions, and a mellow light beams upon his vision: he gazes upon the wonders of creation with rapture; even the stars become vocal, and whisper sweet strains into his ear, whilst inanimate nature joins in a chorus which thrills through every vein. At times, she touches the tender chords of *pity*, and his heart melts into tears: again she strikes the notes of *joy*, and a heavenly beauty lights up his countenance: now she draws the veil of *sorrow* over him, and we hear the moan, and the sigh: *love* broods upon his spirit, and the ardor of his devotion knows no bounds. She leads him beside the purling brook, and its murmurs steal upon his soul like pensive music. She transports him to the ocean's side, and the beautiful, swells into the sublime and terrific! At last she points him

"From nature, up to nature's God,"

and his wonder is lost in admiration. Thus it is that the mind is introduced into a new sphere, and powers are called into action which it dreamt not that it possessed. It reads the deep motives of others, traces every action to its source; contrasts the spirits which live and move in the great drama of life: and finally exerts an influence over others, because it is conscious of its own powers. But poetry has an intimate relation to *music*; it receives from it a charm that heightens our enjoyment. It is the herald that bears it to our conceptions,—and with all its majesty—its enrapturing melody—its soothing tones, and fine shades of feeling, *what inspired pencil could portray more accurately to the heart its own mysteries?* But to conceive the full force of its power, and throw ourselves upon its liquid bosom, to be exalted as it swells into sublimity, or melt away in its soft eloquence, we are again forced to plunge into the mysteries of that unseen being, which sways our inward nature. In doing this, we store up a vast reservoir of knowledge, that may be drawn off to suit almost every exigency of life. What is all our wisdom? The words of the wisest of men have long since answered it, "*to know thyself.*" There are the

same great principles actuating every bosom. There is a universal gamut stretched throughout the hearts of the whole human race, and when a single note is struck, it electrifies all who hear it. The same vibration that swells the soul refined by the arts of civilized life, touches the ignorant savage, and his countenance beams up with joy: his sympathies defy the stoical hardihood which custom has woven around them, and leak out in the incoherent ejaculations of admiration, or trickle down his weather-beaten cheek, warm from the springs of feeling. Some slight dissimilarity may be perceptible in the effect, but the impulsive power is the same; the difference lies only in the superior culture and niceness of perception which education has bestowed. To become intimate with these sources of action, the amateur must bend all his powers of investigation, compare the whole tissue of the passions with their delicate shades, and thus be initiated into the wonderful machinery of human nature. The individual who has gained *this knowledge*, wields the far-famed magic wand, whose origin the vulgar mind attributes directly to a superior order of intellect. He moves the sympathies of his audience, and sways them at his will. He opens the accumulated resources of his industry, and they bow to him in veneration. So that this apparently splendid gift of nature, is but another exemplification of the ancient motto, "*labor omnia vincit*."

But there is still another advantage in the study of music. Into the mind that cultivates a passionate love for it, it instils its own deep pathos, and throws a meditative awe, mingled with calm serenity, over the whole being. There exists that indissoluble chain, between "motive and action," between imagination and reality, between the sentiment and lofty thought inspired by its notes, that the deeper we sink into the one, the higher we seem to rise in the other. Of this we have a noble instance in the great Italian tragedian, ALFIERI, so celebrated among the writers of his age. He tells us that the most happy of his productions were conceived whilst under the influence of *the Opera*, and to the wonderful power of its strains over his genius, he attributes his whole success. *This* is not an isolated, but a universal sentiment, and there is no individual who can yield himself up

to its bland influence, and gently melt away into its undulating tide, without inhaling its inspiration, and feeling all that is immortal within him fired with a new energy.

Painting which is another source of improvement, is but poetry, living and breathing in all the perfection of human art. In poetry we give loose reins to the imagination, and form the active being from a summary of his virtues and vices. The impulsive power, the obedient will, the strength of passion, and the loftiness of thought, are all moulded into a form to please the fancy: we inspire it with the same soul that is drawn from the description, and depress or exalt it, as we have been moved by the skill of the poet. But in painting we view the *arena* of action, we gaze upon the characters as transcripts from the artist's imagination: we appreciate the powerful thought, and deep study which his genius has thrown into them, and above all the consummate skill, the graphic art, that breathed life into every form, lit up every countenance with the fires of expression, and so transformed fiction into reality, that beneath the glow of enchantment, they put on the garb of mortality and transport us into their very midst! This freedom from metaphysical research which poetry demands, affords opportunity for reflection, and here the graphic art displays its peculiar influence in elevating the moral feelings. The works of the great masters which have been the study and admiration of the connoisseur for ages, are replete with all that noble sentiment, that deep, religious ardour, that exalted sense of moral fitness with which the soul loves to hold communion, in solitude. They afford substantial food to satisfy its cravings after immortality, when the ties that bind it to a clogging world grow fainter and fainter. Then let it linger upon the countenance of a *Madonna*, eloquent with all that is thrilling and lovely; tracing the peaceful sunshine of a brighter world enshrined upon her brow: the beaming lustre of those eyes turned innocently to Heaven: the gentle heaving of that snowy bosom as it breathes a prayer to the throne of God, and the soul mounts involuntarily to bear it company to its ethereal abode. Or let it contemplate the transcendent powers of a Raphael, lavished on "THE TRANSFIGURATION," where a mortal mind has embodied immortality, and the meek, but seraphic countenance of the Saviour, has

"Each heaven-illumin'd lineament imbued,
With all the fulness of beatitude.
Gaze! on that scene, and own the might of Art,
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart!"

Such scenes throw a bulwark around the mind that baffles down every unholy thought: the soul becomes enamoured of what is so pure, so lofty, so divine, as to make man with all his imperfections approach so near his God. But whilst *painting* overwhelms us with its sublimity and grandeur, *sculpture* leads us into boundless admiration! *Imitation* is a rooted principle of our nature: it is the legacy which we bring into the world, the companion of our youth, and our constant attendant through life. When we behold it in the lisping child, it elicits our praise, but when we see it raised to that perfection which makes art commensurate with nature, it almost charms us into veneration. The human body has been styled the most perfect part of creation of which the mind can conceive. The countenance, which is the index of that mysterious being reigning within, portrays all its workings, from the calm of tranquillity up to the wild tempests of passion. Its beautiful symmetry, ridicules all power of description; sufficient is it to know, that it is the master piece of Omnipotence. To transfer these powers into what is inanimate; to fire the cold marble with that expression which betokens reason, and almost draws the rich tones of language from its lips, shows the boundless extent to which the human mind may aspire, and the nearness of its approach to the Creator!

"Oh who can tell what beams of heavenly light,
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
How many a glimpse, revealed to him alone,
Makes brighter beings, nobler worlds his own."

The mind that studies such productions with assiduity, obtains the key which unlocks all the artist's conceptions; it draws around itself the same visions which burst upon his eye. It drinks in the same inspiration that directed the chisel through lines of grace and beauty, and its own faculties become elevated, and refined, by the perfection it contemplates.

The study of architecture like that of history, bears us back through the long vista of ages, where the deeds of the mighty are chronicled, and the trophies of giant minds

eternally registered ! Its towering pillars, and massive temples, frowning in grandeur, rise among us like the spirits of departed greatness. Each has its train of events more thrilling than the page of romance, and every battlement that towers in the air proclaims the march of science, and the conquest of human art.

In these subjects we have embodied a store of information sufficient to employ a life time of industry ! They first lead man within himself, and give him that knowledge which is the only power he possesses over the future. Besides this they impart that nicety of perception, that purity of taste and morals which he can draw from no other source. Endowed with these he goes forth into the arena of life bearing a heart that can feel, and mingle its sympathies, a mind trained to deep investigation, teeming with powerful thought and lofty sentiment—a soul conscious of its own greatness, that can appreciate true nobleness in others. The emotions to be derived from the study of the fine arts, are not of a transient nature, they leave an impression, deep and lasting on the mind : nay they go still farther, and in the language of SISMONDI, “they retrace those primitive forms of beauty which are not found in the visible world, but the impressions of which are fixed in our minds, as the model by which to regulate the judgment.” They are moreover endless in their variety, and boundless in their extent, combining all that is *instructing*, *ennobling*, and *inspiring*, with what is *delightful* and *charming*.—

“ Young genius here whilst dwells his kindling eye,
On forms instinct with bright divinity,
Shall catch a kindred glow and proudly feel,
His spirit burn with emulative zeal.
Buoyant with loftier hope, his soul shall rise
Imbued at once with nobler energies—
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar
And worlds of visionary grace explore,
Till his bold hand gives glory's day dreams birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth !”

A.

MILITARY FAME.

It has justly been observed, that military fame is the ignis fatuus of mankind. Nothing, perhaps, in the whole history of the human race, from the time when the first warrior led his predatory bands to pillage and to conquer, down to Napoleon, has indicated so little regard for intellectual excellence, or a susceptibility of mankind to be governed by despotic power, as the obsequious manner in which they have ever followed at the car of conquest. In times of barbarism, when physical prowess was the only distinguishing honor of a people, this servility to a military chieftain could be pardoned, or at least greatly extenuated. Indeed, it was rather to the honour of savage nations, that they preferred the toils and fatigue of war, and whatever glory may have resulted from it, to the sloth and lethargy of an inactive and inglorious life, when their times of peace were not, as they now are, occupied by the peaceful and more honorable pursuits of science; but their mental and physical powers were enervated by inactivity, when unengaged in some expedition. But for a people whose boast is their intellectual achievements, and progressive civilization, to be captivated and led astray by the pomp and tinsel of a military display, and that too in the enlightened age of the nineteenth century, argues either a lamentable depravity of morals, or an obliquity of intellect inconsistent with the light and knowledge which surrounds them. We do not wish to be understood as denouncing indiscriminately all the homage and admiration which mankind pay to a warrior for talents or his services in the field, but we do denounce that indiscriminate judgment which considers the qualities which are absolutely requisite for the field, as equally requisite or fitting for the cabinet. The fact is, that the qualities which distinguish the commander, are the very opposite of those which should distinguish the statesman. The indomitable courage and inflexible firmness which are necessary for the field and court martial, are opposed to the firm, yet mild and flexible disposition which should characterize the judge of a civil court and the chief magistrate of a nation. If the butcher, from his very trade, is presumed to be disqualified for sitting in judgment on the life and interests

of his fellow men, we cannot see why the warrior, whose profession is arms and whose trade is blood, should be better qualified or better entitled than the former to discharge the same high and responsible duty. We are aware that some striking examples can be cited, as contradictory to this opinion—instances where men have blended in the highest degree the qualities which at once distinguish the general and the statesman, and who have discharged with equal honour and capacity, the duties of a civil and military office. We know that Napoleon, and our own great Washington, may be adduced as models of either general or statesmanship; but it should be remembered, that where two such instances can be cited on the one hand, two hundred can be enumerated on the other. Such men are “like angel’s visits, few and far between.” And we might contend with equal justice and plausibility that all statesmen are equally qualified to be divines, because some have written on theology, and vice versa, that all divines may be statesmen, because a few have attempted to expound the principles of political economy. No nation, not an absolute despotism, appears to have been so deceived and misled by the ignis fatuus of military glory, as the American people. Whether this results from a blind admiration of military fame itself, or is the means by which designing and cunning politicians contrive to render popular their measures, and to secure their own aggrandizement, is a question which we will not at present attempt to determine. But one would think that from their own experience, and that of former nations, it was time that the people of the United States were beginning to see the folly of elevating a military chieftain to the highest civil offices in their gift, as a reward for his services or his valor, without looking to those other qualifications which are requisite to make a good President. Is it to be expected that he who has been born and bred in a camp, and whose studies have been totally foreign to those of a statesman, should be familiar with the interests and constitution of his country, and capable of advancing the former, and expounding the latter? Yea, have we not had the mortification of witnessing one of our military Presidents guilty of uttering the absurdity, and displaying the disgraceful ignorance, of warning the American people, that “Congress was about to usurp all the Legislative powers of the general government.”

But leaving out of view the disqualifications of a general to sway the sceptre of civil power, is it just, we would ask, to prefer him, to the civilian who has made the institutions of his country his study, and who has labored with as much zeal and fidelity in promoting her interests in the national councils? Is it just to tear the civil wreath from the brow of the latter, to add another chaplet to that of the former? Are the labours of the one less arduous, or the services of the other more honorable, that we are to bestow all our honours, and repose all our confidence in one to the total exclusion and neglect of the other. The good sense if not the interest of mankind, should teach them the absurdity of such a preference. Was Cicero the less qualified for the consulship, or was the eloquence with which he denounced Cataline, and exposed and foiled his treasonable designs, less efficient or less honorable, because he did not possess the skill necessary to wield a sword or to command an army, and thus crush him and his coadjutors with physical force? But the evils that have resulted to our country from the choice of a general for our President, we trust has taught the people a lesson which will not soon be forgotten. We speak not now in reference to either of the great political parties which divide the country, nor do we wish to censure either for the selections which they have severally made, but we wish to remind them of the former evils and distressed times, induced by such a choice. We wish that the teachings of the past, so pregnant with wisdom, may not be lost or neglected,—that the two great parties in their solicitude to be triumphant, may not overlook the modest merit, whose claims are as just, and pressing on their gratitude, though it rears not its head amid the imposing display of “floating banners,” nor urges its claims at the cannon’s mouth.

It is more secure to bear the mis-government of a President, from whom we fear no dangerous usurpation of authority, nor tyrannical exercise of power, than to risk the chance of a good government and wise administration from the hands of one, whom we constantly dread, and to whom the constitution and laws of his country afford no barriers against his assumptions of unconstitutional power, and to whose repugnance to be bound by any limitations however just, serve but so many temptations to overleap them.

EDITORS' TABLE.

This is our third number, and it comes into the world amidst all the haste and bustle of the quarterly examination, which, to borrow a figure from the kitchen, is the "washing day" of college. In such an excitement, and under so many disadvantages we might, perhaps, justly deprecate criticism, and appeal to charity to shield the imperfections of the present sheet. But apologies are odious, as well as useless. For as our professions have been humble, we have not unduly excited expectations. And our periodical pretends not so much to enlighten its readers, as to benefit its contributors, not so much to disseminate intelligence, as to exercise individual abilities, not to improve public sentiment, but to be improved by it.

But we have been accused of acting a satirical part towards our correspondents. If we have indeed dealt sorely with them, it was rather in kindness than for sport, and prompted by their interest. It was rather as the chastening of a father, as the correction of a friend. We know it is advised—

———"Sometimes our censure to restrain
And charitably let the dull be vain."

But how then could "truth and candour shine?" how then profit or improve? We could not attempt to separate the good from the bad, we could not cull grain in a field of tares, we could not make an arduous pilgrimage through each dull ditty, and each winding essay, and point out every turgid thought and expression, and every discordant rhyme, and faulty verse. The ponderous tomes of Boethius and Evantius, of all the voluminous abstractionists of the dark ages, might not hold the animadversion. We do not presume to be such Reviewers, we do not aspire to such critical fame.

"Non tam procul abimus ab urbe."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on "Remans" is ably written, but is under consideration on account of the subject.

"Palestine" contains much interesting matter, and bears the marks of an able, but hasty and careless writer.

"Sidus" is fiercely critical on Modern Literature, but he is suicidal.

"Redivivus" tells "a plain unvarnished" story, and by no means devoid of merit, and yet we cannot admit it.

We like the modesty of "Euthedemus," who condemns his own muse, better than his poetry. There is hope for him however.

"Jason" is a precocious lexicographer, and

———"does coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit."

"Truth" is rather dull and tiresome—he has many good thoughts, but badly yoked together.

There is such a striking likeness between Δ 's review, and one of Brougham's that we apprehend they had a common origin.

Lines by "M" are under consideration.

The political essay by "Josephus," is a good production, but the subject forbids its reception.

